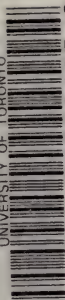


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AT
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HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

BY

OWEN SEAMAN

AUTHOR OF 'WITH DOUBLE PIPE,' ETC.

LONDON

A. D. INNES AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET

1895

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TO

THE NAMESAKE OF MY TITLE

MY DEAR FRIEND

Horace C Monro

OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD

IN MEMORY OF OLD DAYS AT CLARE

PREFACE

THE series that is here published in collected form began to appear in the *Granta* in October 1893. I mention the date of its commencement, that I may not be suspected of having originally taken my idea—not of course a very new one—from the late Horatian boom of 1894. At the same time, I wish to cast no manner of reflexion upon the promoters of that revival.

It will be seen that I do not pretend in these verses to offer any close parallel to the Latin ; in many cases some sort of analogy is to be traced throughout an ode ; here and there I have done little beyond following the motive suggested by an opening line.

With one or two exceptions these imitations of Horace are drawn from Cambridge scenes or associations ; so too with the other verses

Preface

that complete this small volume. I hope that I shall not offend the intelligence of either present or past members of the University if I think it necessary to give an occasional foot-note for the enlightenment of those remotely future generations to whom I look for the exhaustion of this edition.

I have to thank the courtesy of the Editor of the *Granta* for leave to publish all that is here presented. I have made a few emendations.

OWEN SEAMAN.

*Savile Club,
March 1895.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. OF THE PERFECT UNDERGRADUATE	3
II. OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE RIVER	6
III. OF CHANGING SEASONS	11
IV. OF PINDAR AND OTHER SPORTING TOUTS	15
V. OF SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS ...	21
VI. OF A TUTORIAL NIGHT-OFF ...	27
VII. OF RIVERSIDE CHARGERS ...	31
VIII. OF COUNSEL TO COXSWAINS ...	36
IX. OF A REFORMED SPORTSMAN ...	40
X. OF THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTH ...	42
XI. OF MIDDLE-AGE IN MOTLEY ...	45
XII. OF THE TRAVAIL OF A MAKER OF IAMBICS	48
XIII. OF EVERGREEN SIRENS ...	51

Contents

	PAGE
XIV. OF NAVAL ADVENTURE 	53
XV. OF FATUOUS BLOODS... 	56
XVI. OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF LETTERS ...	60
XVII. OF MODERATE AMBITION 	63
XVIII. OF MAKING HAY IN SUNSHINE ...	65
XIX. OF THE NECESSITY OF GOING DOWN	68
XX. OF THE AUTHOR'S TENDENCY TO BECOME A BIRD 	72
THE DIRGE OF THE AMATEUR MAENAD	76
OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE LADIES ...	85
CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED.—I 	89
CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED.—II	95

HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

I

OF THE PERFECT UNDERGRADUATE

Integer vitae

THE man that never told a lie,
Or cut a College Chapel,
That lives within his Tutor's eye
And is, in fact, its apple ;

Whether by fabled heights of Gog
Or Granta's mazy winding
Upon his customary jog
He goes serenely grinding ;—

He little needs (so few his fears,
So equable his liver)
To join the Arquebusiliers
Or even read *The Quiver*.

Horace at Cambridge

For once he chanced to meet a mad
 Bull-pup—its legs were bandy ;
It scooted from him though he had
 No gun or weapon handy.

Nor ever monster like to this
 Was versed in sporting matters,
Or issued forth from Callaby's
 To romp among the ratters ;

And yet it fled with loud alarm,
 While he in meditation
Pursued his thoughts upon the charm
 Of Conic Osculation.

Place him on ocean's sandy dunes,
 Or bunkers of Sahara,
Or where the air is sick with tunes
 By Kellie and De Lara,

Plunge him in any haunt of sin—
 Roulette or water-polo ;

Propriety doth hedge him in,
He simply whispers—*Nolo*.

The button-hole, the tandem-team,
He counts alike as folly ;
Polygonometry's his theme,
I think he calls it "Polly."

Her angular and winning ways
He hymns like any suitor ;
And one of these fine open days
Intends to be a Tutor.

II

OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE RIVER

Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus

WHERE Boating Captains on their beat
Go shepherding the tortuous fleet
Of tubs along the river's reedy hollows,
I marked the Genius who addressed
A Freshman with a beefy chest ;
The views of Camus were expressed
Somewhat as follows.

" It first behoves you to undo
Of all your buttons just the two
Topmost, and chance the weather being
breezy ;
Then, swinging stiffly from the hip,
Cause your prehensile heels to grip
The stretcher ; at the signal, nip—
Great Heavens ! Easy !

Where were we? Yes. There is a rule
Whereby the oarsman, though a fool,
May guarantee the boat against inversion ;
Observe your blade ; the thing is bent
Obliquely to the element ;
Square it at once, and so prevent
Needless immersion.

Again ; deposit, if you please,
Your stomach well between your knees,
Aim broadly at the bottom of the vessel ;
Swing early, often, long and late ;
This is the doctrine up to date,
With which the most immaculate
Fresher must wrestle.

Reck nothing though the process pain
Your blistered hide and make you fain
To be a scaly merman with a sea-tail ;

Horace at Cambridge

A time may yet arrive when you
Will be as hardened as a Blue,
And have a soul superior to
Matters of detail.

That future waits you far and dim,
And in the awful interim
You have to pass a pretty hot probation ;
' Much is to learn, much to forget,'
And now and then you'll feel regret,
And never, never, fail to sweat
With perspiration.

Full often, rowing like an ox,
On you the curses of your cox,
Falling like blasts of some Tyrrhenian
trumpet,
Will rend the horror-stricken air
With language fit to curl the hair
That clusters nicely round the fair
Crest of your crumpet.

Then will you at your rigid thwart
Restrain the apposite retort
And like the parrot merely *think* profanely,
The while your heavy head you wag
Panting as pants the hunted stag,
And wear your 'Pontius' to a rag,
Sliding inanely.

Perchance you will mislay your oar,
When quickening to forty-four,
And learn a little jargon from your skipper ;
Or get an unexpected spank
Straight in the centre of your flank
From some inordinately rank
· Holiday-tripper.

Those coaches you shall come to know,
That trot with caution to and fro
And wish their knowledge of the chase were
larger ;

Horace at Cambridge

Your valour shall divert the way
Of Nestor-Jones's¹ blinkered grey,
And draw a compliment from J.
B.² on his charger.

Eventually you will land
Triumphant after trials, and
Talk frankly like a father from the saddle
You have the makings of a tar,
And should, with fortune, travel far ;
Meanwhile you might get forward. Are
You ready ? Paddle ! ”

¹ Mr. Trevor Jones, popular and perpetual coach of Trinity Hall.

² Mr. J. B. Close, President of the C.U.B.C., 1894-5.

III

OF CHANGING SEASONS

Diffugere nives

WINTER is gone with frost and rime
 (Perhaps the statement's previous,
For weather in this fancy clime
 Is nothing if not devious) ;
And now the buds are coming out,
 And birds begin their flutings,
And freshmen freely look about
 To pick their vernal suitings.

Winter is gone (I've mentioned that),
 And crocuses are yellow,
The grassy plot invites the cat,
 And eke the college Fellow ;

Horace at Cambridge

And now the annual relay
Of Dowagers and Graces
Is tripping lightly on its way
To view the Lenten races.

And now the Crew is living down
Its taste for cheese and chutney,
And presently will treat the town
To episodes at Putney ;
And nightly we shall read reports
About the play of breezes,
That whistle round its airy shorts
And Zephyr-like chemises.

And now, to pass to platitudes,
I put it to the printer
That Spring's a season which obtrudes
Upon the heels of Winter ;
That Summer does the same to Spring,
And similarly Autumn ;

For so the early poets sing
(Lord only knows who taught 'em).

The Seasons' linkéd dance of joy
No earthly hand may sever,
But *we*, when we go down, my boy,
Why, we go down for ever ;
For save we join the Blessed Dons
By process of translation,
We must abide by Mr. Sw*n's
Or B*lstr*de's valuation.

It boots us nothing, Vere de Vere,
Whether our race's founder
Had all the makings of a Peer,
Or played the common bounder ;
It matters not, my noble Sir,
When once our doom is dated,
Whether we kept the rules, or were
Invariably gated.

Horace at Cambridge

Your taste for bloods, your pretty sense
Of humour Transatlantic,
Your pensive air, your eloquence,
That drove the Union frantic,
Avail you not ; another's name
Will soon adorn your portal ;
All passes but the constant flame
Of gyps—and they're immortal.

Time marks our passage on the way
To Charon's bulging wherry,
Not Wordsworth could arrange to stay,
Nor even Muttlebury ;
And yet the former's rustic Muse
Was ripe for *We are Seven* ;
The latter, if they're short of Blues,
Is bound to go to Heaven.

IV

OF PINDAR AND OTHER SPORTING TOUTS

Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari

THE minor prophet who will dare
 To emulate *The Truthful Star*,
'E very often dunno where
 'E are.

Bounding along as torrents bound,
 A babe with nobody to mind him,
At any match on any ground
 You find him.

A horoscope in either eye,
 He'll fix your dial to a minute;
Ezekiel and Malachi
 Aren't in it.

Horace at Cambridge

A month ago he stoutly swore
Our chances were but sickly queer
With what he called the "leather " or
The "sphere."

And now he drinks the bitter cup,
Because appearances deceive,
And people may have something up
Their sleeve.

Nevertheless beside the boats
Presumably upon the scent
The " chiel's " at Putney " takin' notes "
To "prent."

As harmless as a patent bomb,
Or bantam egg that's freshly laid,
He barely knows the handle from
The blade.

Instead of urging us to bid
The odds upon the Oxford eight,
He'd better do as Pindar did-

And wait ;

Though even Pindar felt the germ
Of literary competition,
And bustled for the Early Worm
Edition ;

Starting a bit before to ring
The usual ancestral chime,
And that was how he scanned the thing
In time.

Let others lift a lordly strain,
And vow with high-falutin' boast
To have the dauntless Fry¹ again
On toast ;

¹ Captain of the Oxford Association team of 1894,
strong favourites, but defeated by three goals to one.

Horace at Cambridge

I only pray that on the day
 We hold our own by flood and field,¹
When the cerulean array
 Is peeled.

To that effect it's not amiss
 To set my humble quill to squeak,
And pledge our luck from now to this
 Day week.

I have a port, a fruity port,
 It ill becomes my pen to puff,
But anyhow it's not the sort
 Of stuff

The student takes to wash his food
 Not twenty miles from Temple Bar,
But long in wood when Consols stood
 At par.

¹ Written before the Sports and Boat Race of 1894.

Therewith empurpled I shall call
In strident tones upon the crew,
Straining my baritone till all
Is blue.

And should we win I'll do my best,
If still my throat is *audiendum*,
To sound a bumper ode—*Nunc est*
Bibendum !

You, Sir, will occupy a stand,
Or take your déjeuner at large
Upon the cheerful four-in-hand
Or barge ;

I choose the many-peopled bank,
With that most charming of abortions,
Dog of the crescent legs and lank
Proportions ;

Horace at Cambridge

There, little dachshund, you shall strike
Beholders with your black and tan,
Sporting the Cambridge colours like
A man.

V

OF SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
Vidi docentem*

I SAW old Dubbins—it's the solemn verity—
In some obscure provincial town (the
fact
Will pass for racy fiction with posterity)
Intoning with considerable tact,
And not the faintest sign of insincerity,
The service for the day; the pews
were packed
With most devoted nymphs in killing
bonnets,
A theme I've often thought would do for
sonnets.

Horace at Cambridge

My mind recalled the last occasion when
Those fluty tones had fallen on my
ears ;

Supported by a brace of boating men
Dubbins had risen (incoherent cheers),
And starting by request with " Do ye ken ? "
Tailed off into " The British Gren-
adiers."

I feel at times a kind of moral twist
In looking through the ordination list !

There is a period in woman's growth
Which I will designate the Curate
Age ;

It falls between—and has a touch of both—
The Military Era and the Stage ;
Then with the tightest-laced (and nothing
loth)
The blooming young divine becomes
the rage ;

Their adulation takes the form of mittens,
Or carpet-slippers, or superfluous kittens.

Perchance there is a rival, one of those
Extension Lecturers from Cambridge
College ;

Who "illustrates" immortal verse and prose,
Of which he has a rather fluent
knowledge ;

They make him presents of the rathe primrose,
A practice which the Church would
fain abolidge ;

(I cull the form from Mrs. Gamp's anthology,
And tender to the same my frank apology.)

In matters of the heart, as I am told,
Woman is thermometrically tidal,
Now secular and warm, now saintly cold,
A state of things that's simply suicidal ;

Horace at Cambridge

She'll oscillate like Israel of old
 Exchanging Moses for a Moulton
 idol ;
The joke is not my own, I wish it were ;
I also wish I were the Lecturer !¹

But whither, Muses, are ye footling on ?
 We must return to trace our wandering
 sheep,
Lest the connexion of the tale be gone
 As happened with the muttons of Bo-
 Peep,
Or as the mild meandering of a Don
 Will lap a lecture-room in balmy
 sleep ;
I don't know any medium that's neater
For circulating gas than Juan's metre.

¹ Mr. R. G. Moulton, now Professor of Literature at Chicago University.

So to return to Dubbins, as we knew him,
Then, when the casual oat was being
sown ;
He didn't care what Plautus calls a *duim*
For all the annotations of Perowne ;
So open-minded that they trickled through
him,
So open-handed too that I have known
The double-headed bull-dog passing by
Irregularly wink the other eye.

He never rowed, because his skin was porous
And sensitive in parts to any scar ;
His voice was fairly useful in a chorus ;
His wit was dry and suited to the bar ;
Reckless at Pool he shed his lives before us,
And seldom missed his due, the hero's
star ;
In battle he was good to break a head ;
In peace he wore his toga to a thread.

Horace at Cambridge

I take it, there's a difference between

This picture, see, and *that*—you know
the phrase ?

Think what he is, I say, and what he's been ;

(Excuse my mixing one of Kipling's
lays

With Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the
Queen ;)

I never knew in all my palmy days

A nicer connoisseur of flowing bowls ;

And now—he's got a sinecure of souls !

VI

OF A TUTORIAL NIGHT-OFF

Septimi, Gades aditure mecum

MY fellow-Fellow, have you noted
How Cantabridge that scorns our yoke
Has very pleasantly promoted
A kind of joke ?
It seems the road from here to Hades
Is opened up, and now we are
To have like manumitted ladies,
Our *wanderjahr* !

Septimius, if we were single,
With liberty to join the dance,
How both the ears of us would tingle
At such a chance !

Horace at Cambridge

Alack! the thing is not a question
Of *trium liberorum jus* ;
And so this excellent suggestion
Won't do for us.

But stay! we two at least might run to
A *wandernacht* upon the jaunt ;
For choice of ground I know of none to
Surpass the haunt
Where once we worshipped Nelly Farren,
And Leslie made the midriff ache,
When life not yet was wholly barren
Of ale and cake.

Or say the Empire? I've enjoyed the
Empire as much as any place ;
Only, dear fellow, we'll avoid the
Eve of the race!
For then, like armies of Sennacherib,
The Undergrad is all abroad ;

And Chucker-outs are keen to crack a rib
Or spinal cord.

Or thither we might haply muster,
Where Temples of the Muse divine
Are thick as purple grapes that cluster
Upon the vine ;
Where Mercury from off a mountain
New-lit and naked as the day
Adorns my Lord of Shaftesbury's fountain,
Which doesn't play.

Beloved angle ! where the traffic
Of Coventry and Regent Streets
Makes music rather more seraphic
Than parrakeets ;
Where Pav' and Cri' and Trocadero
In blessed rivalry conspire
To give us joy ; (*se non è vero*,
Then I'm a liar !)

Horace at Cambridge

For there the drinks are long and cooling
Like winter nights about the Pole ;
Or, if the taste for shorts is ruling,
Upon my soul

I know a bar where men may batten
On mint as green as Erin's isle,
Or cocktails that would make Manhattan
Forget to smile !

In such a scene more sweet than honey
Even Hymettically sealed,
We'll fume the best cigar that money
Can hope to yield ;
"The mild Havannah !" (as they do in
Old Calverley's immortal line),
And weep into its ash the ruin
Of days lang syne !

VII

OF RIVERSIDE CHARGERS

Ille et nefasto te posuit die

UPON a god-forsaken day,
Black-lettered, fever-smitten,
The jobber marked you with his brand
To be the butt of Barnwell and
The mockery of Ditton.

Hack of the W. S. H.,¹
My Warranted Sound Hunter,
Whose state is feebly comatose,
Whose sense of humour—Heaven knows
It couldn't well be blunter.

¹ Cabalistic sign of the riverside stable for coaches, horses—"3s. 6d. per W(eek) S(ent) H(ome)."

Horace at Cambridge

That man, I say, had little heart
Or else a callous liver,
Who in your beauty's aftermath
Consigned you to the towing-path,
Your rider to the river.

Fate's irony so long has been
A mark for observation,
That three examples here will do,—
I might have managed it with two—
By way of illustration.

Safe home from hacking nigger-men
That never had a rag on,
His foot the gallant soldier sets
Upon his native soil, and gets
Run over by a waggon.

Your Anarchist who fears the Force
(No other fears afflict him),

Quite inadvertently is blown
To bits and figures as his own
One solitary victim.

The hardy missionary who makes
A point of being chary
Of brutal Anthropophagi
Is ultimately eaten by
A common cassowary.

He only never dies that has
A Life Insurance ticket :
It is, as history avers,
The unexpected that occurs :
(The same applies to cricket).

To take my case :—when you, my steed,
(I sat you like a feather,)
Through utter lassitude of mind
Mistook the purpose of the grind,
And down we went together ;

Horace at Cambridge

How nearly then—had not the stream
 Been singularly scanty—
You came to visiting the Styx,
And trying on your fancy tricks
 Along with Rosinante,

Or those primeval quadrupeds,
 New-roused from realms of Morpheus,
The famous prehistoric breed,
Enchanted by a second Reed,
 A later quill than Orpheus' !

How nearly I myself had joined
 The ranks of shady *reges*
Who used to patronise the Row
(I mean Bellerophon and Co.)
 In Argos apt at gee-gees !

How nearly heard them pulverise
 In pious Greek *Te Deums*

The digging-man that comes from King's,
Unearthing all their earthen things,
And stuffs 'em in Museums !¹

¹ With apologies and hearty congratulations to my honoured friend Dr. Waldstein, back at this time from fresh finds in Argive fields.

VIII

OF COUNSEL TO COXSWAINS

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum
Semper urgendo*

ONE'S better course is, as a rule,
To take the golden mean for motto ;
Therefore, my cherished coxswain, you'll
Try not to

Call like a penny steamer at
Each shore with stolid alternation,
Rousing antiphonies of flat
Damnation ;

Nor yet conversely sin a sin,
Dull as the after-dinner riddle,
And cleave the current fairly in
The middle.

Far sooner would I have you seek
Barely to graze the bank at Grassy ;
As when a golfer with his cleek
Or brassy,

Taking a deal of pains about
His attitude, and saying " This is
A rather pretty thing," lets out
And misses.

Follow not up the zigzag foe,
As coursing hounds that hunt the rabbit ;
Speaking from memory I know
No habit

More purely fatuous. I contend,
(And so would any crossing-sweeper)
The shorter route is in the end
The cheaper.

Horace at Cambridge

Adopt the happy medium,

(Compare the *Sludge* of Robert Browning;)

Don't tell your men their time has come

For drowning ;

Nor do the other thing and let

Their feather up too high ; it knocks your

Best crew to pieces when they get

Too cocksure.

Remember there are things that sear

The soul with sore internal smarting ;

E. g. to cross your steering-gear

At starting ;

Or imitate the helmsman who,

Stop-watch in hand, acutely reckoned

The peeling of the cannon to

A second ;

Then dropped it, and himself was shied

Over the rudder like a rocket,

Having secured the bung inside

His pocket.

Preserve your priceless head, of all

Your other parts the real chef d'œuvre ;

Neglect of this original

Manœuvre

Ruined our late king, Charles the First ;

Accordingly through floods and blizzards

Keep it, and bid your fellows burst

Their gizzards

Round serried Ditton's sinuous bay,

Till up the Reach with dancing riggers

They feel the wash and pound away

Like niggers ;

Then, even as the crafty cub

Closes upon his evening mutton,

Swiftly apply your indiarub-

ber button.

IX
OF A REFORMED SPORTSMAN

Lydia, dic, per omnes. . . .

O TUTOR, tell me why it is that thou
From purely paltry motives of exam
Art eager thus to suffocate with cram
Juggins, that like a patient ox, through all
These many seasons partial to the plough,
Now cheweth caviare for the General?

Why wheeleth he no more as once he wheeled

At Polo with his Peers?

Nor standeth now upon Newmarket Heath,
His lonely last gold bit between his teeth,
Ready to lay it on some galléd jade,

As frequently he laid

Against the field

In other years?

Why shunneth he the crystal Cam, and why

At Fenner's faileth he to lubricate
His lusty limbs, as when of late
 He waxed exceeding proud
To know that none with smarter hand or eye
Could heave the hammer well among the
 crowd ?

Why at the sticks doth he no longer soar,
Barking at every flight his livid shin,
 Or at the distance-jump take in
 A cubit's length or more ?

Why should he skulk, as runs the ancient
 rune

How that a certain Proctor,¹ who defied
The wary wielders of the wooden spoon,
Played in a privy cupboard hide-and-seek,
For fear his bib, no paler than his cheek,
Should be the death of him in Barnwell's
 tide ?

¹ Nameless, of St. John's College. The famous victory was won in 1882.

X

OF THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTH

O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum

O THOU with whom so oft at 12.15,

I've spoiled the porter's beauty-sleep
(or later),

Thrice welcome, welcome back, whitewashed
and clean,

To Alma Mater !

Sole witness of my break of forty-nine !

How well we made the drowsy hours
to jig,

All drenched with frequent sodas at the sign
Of the Blue Pig !

With thee I shared the Fifth, that final rag,
And lost ingloriously my tattered
gown,

What time my forehead bit a paving-flag
In Sturton Town.

Me blessed Mercury, shaped like a hansom,
Bore through a sultry atmosphere of
brick ;
For thee, O thee, another kind of ransom
Was waiting, Dick !

Chased into Andrew Street's absorbing gutter,
Thou by the Proctor's pack wast fairly
baited,
Haled to that hardy sportsman on a shutter
And rusticated.

So welcome back from rural contemplation !
And here's a health to those that bring
thee back !
The Dons !—we'll pour a Lethe of libations
In Miller's sack !

Horace at Cambridge

Pass round the loving cup ! a long, strong
pull !

Unguent is off and wreaths are run
to seed ;

Instead about our lips shall curl the full
And fragrant weed.

What choice for dissipation ? Dick, old man,
At this auspicious hour 'tis thine to
choose ;

Loo ? then to-night we'll linger longer than
At former Loos !

•

XI

OF MIDDLE-AGE IN MOTLEY

Intermissa, Venus, diu

YOUR card to hand the other day,
In terms concise but gracious,
The intermitted song, you say,
Is due from your Horatius ;
O spare me, please ; Old Time of late
Has played the filibuster ;
I feel as one whose glass of fate
Has shed another lustre.

Though age and anguish, I'll allow,
Have not impaired my dinner,
The locks upon my ardent brow
Perceptibly grow thinner ;

Horace at Cambridge

And there's a younger, smarter race
All blowin' and a-growin'
Should ply the pen and push the pace
To keep the type a-flowin'.

Yet was there one of riper age
Who bore from Cambridge portals
The sacred flame of persiflage
To London's palsied mortals ;
Full well they know, who know the Ropes,
His form of ample tether,
Prometheus of a hundred tropes
Bound in Morocco leather.¹

A fallen Don, a rising Star,
I fancy how he faces
Those nymphs with their conducting Carr,
And puts 'em through their paces.
I see him prompt, with lips aghast,
That somersaulting fairy,

¹ Mr. Adrian Ross will perhaps kindly pardon these allusions.

Letitia, as she gives his last

Carmen Peculiare.

Perchance himself he beats the floor

In Old Aunt-Salian fashion,

Till half the supers in the corps

Go Bang with lyric passion ;

Yes, Sir, his genius is such

That you should interview it,

And find by what inspired touch

He manages to do it.

Strange effort of the lecture-desk !

That turns a College Fellow

Into a Rossius of burlesque

When getting nicely mellow ;

Exceptions prove the rule, no doubt,

Of rhymes with age abating ;

I haven't time to work it out,

Because the printer's waiting.

XII

OF THE TRAVAIL OF A MAKER OF IAMBICS

O matre pulchra filia pulchrrior

MORE than mother to me, gentle incubator,
O my Coach, (although I hate to
ask it)

Kindly shove my last iambics in the grate or
Paper-basket.

When I built 'em, how my eye in frenzy
roaming
Raked the Gradus and the English-
Greek!

Like my Tutor's when I pass him in the
gloaming,
Pipe in cheek.

Briny tears I spilt upon the blameless blotter,
Used the oaths that men of wrath
employ,

Otherwise than when a Dutchman swears in
Rotter-
dam for joy.

Nascitur, non fit, is stated of the Poet,
People have it in their protoplasms ;
Personally when I try to scan, I know it
Gives me spasms !

I have timed a racing eight and seen the
hairy
Tar with twenty barges block the way ;
Heard on Monday nights the bells of Great
St. Mary
Making hay ;

Blindly I have braved a Don's expostulations,
Going to the length of saying " Pooh !"
And I know of language meet for most
occasions ;
Yes, I do !

Horace at Cambridge

Wrath is my redeeming trait ; I have a
hunger

For compelling all my enemies to rot ;
But my feelings for the first iambic-monger
Beat the lot !

Woe to wooers of the Muse ! she's too erratic ;
Put the case concisely—*c'est une folle !*
I shall drop her and (to speak the homely Attic)
Take a Poll.

Many since Atrides' day have filtered through
the

Poll degree (or none at all) unaided ;
And I think I may without presumption do the
Same as they did.

So we sever, O my Coach. I leave the chase of
Giddy geese and Honour's airy scent,
By the "Special exit meant for use in case of
Accident."

XIII

OF EVERGREEN SIRENS

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa ?

WHAT slender stripling in his primal year,
His lip bedewed with "Tricholina,"
Amid your flower-pots with alluring leer
Woos you, Georgina ?

Across the counter leans his blazered arms,
And, plying you with laboured sallies
Of amorous wit, around your waning charms
Heavily dallies ?

Who bids you bind your bun, I want to know,
As once, my ever-verdant mignon,
For my sweet sake some thirty years ago
You bound your chignon,

Simply mendacious in its artful dye,
All golden as the daffodilly

Horace at Cambridge

To which you pinned my swelling chest,
while I

Looked really silly ?

Alas ! poor boy, he has a lot to learn

Outside the Little-Go prospectus,
Things that will give him quite a nasty turn

In Love's *Delectus*;

Who fancies, never having known a doubt,

Your hair is naturally yellow ;

Nor dreams you ever cared a bit about

Another fellow.

For me, of course, I've had my little fling,

And been lovesick on many an ocean,

And cease to feel about this kind of thing

The least emotion.

And yet a touch of nature marks me kin

To him, that budding young apprentice ;

Besides, it's possibly my son that's *in*

Loco parentis.

XIV

OF NAVAL ADVENTURE

Sic te, diva potens Cypri

So may the Cambridge favours of their knights
Eight several Venuses inform with grace ;
So may my Julia's brethren, shining lights,
Have sense enough to drive me to the
race ;

So may we win the fatal toss and take
Whichever side—one never knows—is
best ;

So may the wind blow nicely in our wake,
And catch the other coxswain in the chest.
O Crew ! please to land to the good at the
goal ;

My fortune deserves a reviver ;
So save and increase the one-half of my sole
And exceptional fiver !

Horace at Cambridge

Of triple girth and most robustious ease
His waistcoat was who first essayed to
pop

His tubby Ark upon the turbid seas—
Noë, and braved the headlong Aethiop
That wrestled darkly with the rising tide,
And cursed aloud the race of Shem and
Ham.

And pretty bold was he who first, dry-eyed,
Furrowed the swart bacilli of the Cam.
O vainly has Providence fettered its flow,
And Man shot the drains of the town in,
If people *will* paddle on stuff that is no
Good to drink or to drown in !

Into what vetos men do rashly rush !
Witness Iäbez of the Liberator ;
Or Harcourt, and the Liquor Bill—but hush !
I shun to be a pen-and-ink culpator ;

With wing'd opinions through the great inane
The Grand Old Daedal Expert wanders
on ;

And Mr. Stead, with spook upon the brain,
Is very busy bursting Acheron.

We mock the high gods with our Eiffels that
seek

To have Pelion packed upon Ossa ;

Nay, worse—I am told there are men who
will speak

Of their DEAN as a *jossa* !

XV

OF FATUOUS BLOODS

Non ebur neque aureum

NEITHER cup nor pewter pot
 Stands on mantel-piece of Mine ;
Frankly, too, I haven't got
 Any bladed beam of pine
Lashed along My chamber wall,—
For I never rowed at all.

Never rowed or ran or did
 Anything that makes you warm ;
Jumped or kicked or shot or slid,
 Or careered in any form ;
But I humbly thank My God
Who has fashioned Me a Blood.

People in a College boat
Row till they are beastly raw,
All to wear a coloured coat,
All to sport a fancy straw ;
Black-and-white simplicity,
This is good enough for Me.

Photographs are all My rage,
And they make a pleasant sight ;
All the beauties of the stage
Dressed in something nice and light ;
Though I never yet have been
In My life behind the scene.

And of heroes of the ring
I have got a tidy set ;
Suffolk Chickens on the Wing,
And the Carolina Pet ;
Though I never sought admission
To this kind of exhibition.

Horace at Cambridge

Then, again, about degrees—

I have passed the Little-Go ;
For the rest I take My ease ;
Cannot really, don't you know,
Chew the literary cud
When I chance to be a Blood.

Others struggle and perspire,

We do nothing but exist ;
Tantalus with vain desire
Tackled higher flights and missed ;
Now he's posted in the flood,
Thirsting to become a Blood.

Day is on the heels of day,

And the waxing moon 'll wane ;
June comes tripping after May,
And they go the round again ;
Burst yourselves, you'll never be
Anything but *bourgeoisie*.

Now I come to look at My
Logic, I could wish it better ;
But the fact is this, that I
Copied Horace to the letter ;
He has got a pretty wit,
And I thought I'd follow it.

But the argument is thus
(Since I'm getting rather mixed) :—
That between the rest and Us
There's a gulf securely fixed :
Every tinker to his trade ;
Bloods were born and never made.

Even Orcus, under earth,
Won't be altogether blind
To the notion of our worth,
And I fancy we shall find
Layers of infernal mud
Drained expressly for the Blood.

XVI

OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF LETTERS

Odi profanum vulgus et arceo

I HATE your vulgar modern breeds,
New Woman, prig and poetaster,
Your *fin-de-race* that never reads
A page of any ancient Master.

Where are they now, those brave and stout
World-old and weather-beaten skippers ?
Their wassail-bowl is going out ;
Absinthe's the thing for little nippers.

Maybe one writer's little mess
Is more suggestive than another's ;
One painter's *chic* a shadow less
Purely preposterous than his brother's.

Odi profanum

Precocity, that knows no law,
 Binds them in boards—a weary medley ;
All advertising, cheek by jaw ;
 And the result is something deadly.

Some fancies by a hanging sword,
 Some by a risky pen are tickled ;
The appetite of these is bored,
 They take their garlic highly pickled.

While others, sick of seasoning,
 And spicy literary diet,
Will seldom taste the latest thing,
 And absolutely never buy it.

Some even miss with mild regret
 The age of Smiles and Martin Tupper,
Ere Curiosity had set
 Her straddling legs across the crupper.

Horace at Cambridge

They sigh for schools of cleric bent,
The tonsured head, austere, ascetic ;
And loathe the love-locks redolent
Of gummy Araby's cosmetic.

To them the sweepings of the sink
Are not *Sibyllinische blätter* ;
An Aster by the sewer's brink
Is simply that and nothing better.

"Why change," say they, "our Sabine food
For mullet murdered in the ditches ?
Why barter modest maidenhood
For rampant women's borrowed breeches?"

XVII

OF MODERATE AMBITION

*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem
Olympicum*

THERE are whose lives would fairly hum
If they might gather gold in some
Olympian curriculum

 To rival " Venice " ;
Another lot, by fortune led,
The fervid wheel, the black and red,
Will break the bank or lose their head,
 Like good St. Denis.

The merchant, timorous of whales,
Vicariously woos the gales,
With Argus-eye for magic sales
 Of cornered cotton ;
While some, untutored to be poor,
Pursue a claim for precious ore

Horace at Cambridge

In regions of the Martial Boer,
And find it rotten.

For me the green-room's cool retreat,
The shady scene, the shifting feet
Of busy nymphs that nimbly beat
The floor and frisk it ;
But chiefly, great Augustus,¹ may
I be where thy electric ray
Astonishes the milky way,
And takes the biscuit.

Give me a music-hall career,
With signed agreements for a clear
Two thousand pounds or so a year
To touch as salary ;
Content with little, be it mine,
As lyrist in the comic line,
A star among the stars to shine,
And "knock" the gallery.

¹ Formerly Director of the Palace Theatre.

XVIII

OF MAKING HAY IN SUNSHINE

Tu ne quaesieris

SEEK not, dear boy, to overstrain
The intellect for this exam ;
Nor gauge amiss the gastric pain
That comes of undigested cram ;
Nor ask the heathenish Chaldee
For tips in pure theology.

Far happier he who doesn't mind
One little blow about the fray ;
Who, if the foeman prove unkind,
Gently, but firmly, runs away :
Who puts his money in the slot,
And comes and takes another shot.

Horace at Cambridge

Be wise and fill the flowing can ;
Strain off the fatal pips, and wash
The dust of work away with an
Alleviating lemon-squash ;
There's something very nice, I think,
About an effervescent drink.

Eschew the heated lecture-hall ;
Drive by its door, and pay no heed
To Cranmer on his pedestal,¹
Or holy Pearson on the Creed.
Blow up the horn ; blow, while you may ;
And, so to put it, pluck the day.

Come, pluck the day—I never knew
How people set about the thing ;—
Come, brush aside the early dew,
And have your matutinal fling ;

¹ Outside the Divinity Schools.

Time wears a forelock on his brow ;
You'd better take him by it now.

Trust not the morrow, lest it turn
 Traitor and trump your cherished hope ;
Youth flies—I'd give a lot to learn
 Who first conceived that trenchant trope ;—
This blessed hour my urgent rhyme
Is half a week behind the time.

XIX

OF THE NECESSITY OF GOING DOWN

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume

I HINTED in my postumous, or last,
Ode that the flight of years is never-ending ;
I find it is a state of things that's past
Serious mending ;

The more I think of it, the more I feel
One cannot do much better than repeat it ;
The Truth is always fresh, and takes a deal
Of talk to beat it.

Behold, you may detect a shiny spot,
Where through my hair the pericranium
twinkles ;
I, too, observe upon *your* brow a lot
Of seamy wrinkles,

Eheu ! fugaces

Signs of the crammer's art. For you and me
The hour is come to join the dear departed ;
To phrase it coarsely, it is time that we
Already started.

"There is no way but this !" as Lord Mac-
aulay's

Hero remarked, and drove the "whittle"
home,

In one of those exceptionally raw lays
Of Ancient Rome.

But steady on the rein, my Muse ! sit tight !

Five desultory stanzas fairly smother
One of old Flaccus ! Even as I write
This makes another.

All flesh eventually takes to grass,

Browsing on Stygian plains, or else they
row to

Those blessed islands which the better class
Of niggers go to.

Horace at Cambridge

Not though you worked your eyes completely
red,

Thomas, and raised an astigmatic blister ;
Not though you met the Dean point-blank
and said

She was your sister ;

Not though you gave a yearly butt of rum
To flush the Fellows' Combination table,
Or penned a treatise lithe and long as some
Atlantic cable,

Could you escape to go where went the late
Apostles,¹ apt to sweeten, apt to light us,
Profusely punting down the desperate
Pool of Cocytus.

Which is to say that we must e'en go down,
With dignity, of course, not cut and run it ;

¹ Offspring of that literary society, founded about 1820, which at one time included Tennyson, Hallam, Milnes, and Alford among its members.

You'll find a heap of decent men in town
Who've been and done it.

So shall you leave your rooms, your bills,
your buxom

Bedder, yea, all on which the fancy dotes,
Reaping no harvest save, by cursed luck, some
Crop of wild oats.

A better man than you, a nobler flier,
The pavement of your court shall rudely
stain,
Playing at Heidsieck on a higher, drier,
Plan of Champagne.

XX

OF THE AUTHOR'S TENDENCY TO BECOME
A BIRD

*Non usitata nec tenui ferar
Penna*

IN singular and supple plumes
Adapted to aërial transit
Your trusty bard, Horatius, blooms
Superbly and prepares to chance it

Across illimitable space
Where worlds beneath are looking thinnish,
Where Envy cannot keep the pace
And Calumny neglects the finish.

Already on my turgid calf
I feel the feathers fresh and fluffy ;
My massive shoulder-blades are half
Besmothered by a sort of puffy

Excrescence where the wings fit on ;
They tell me the effect is pretty ;
And like the evanescent swan
I must oblige you with a ditty,

If not my first, at least my last,
In this particular connexion ;
And sicklied over with the cast
Of pale and moribund reflexion.

But think not, *Granta*, dear, that I,
Your poor but strictly honest poet,
Am in a likely way to die !
Not altogether, if I know it !

O'er the round earth—and I surmise
The earth is virtually spheric—
Where bales of British merchandise
Are landed by the playful derrick ;

Wherever war and whisky-stills
On missionary tracks have followed ;
Where Lloyd's is read, or Beecham's pills
Enthusiastically swallowed ;

Where lynchers regularly make
Mincemeat of niggers in Ohio,
Or where the Matabele break
The Chartered bank at Buluwayo ;

There shall the *Granta's* pages prove
A source of high illumination ;
And there my twenty odes shall move
The native mind to desperation.

Bound possibly in simple boards,
Perhaps in rather costly vellum,
I fancy how those heathen hordes
Would give their very scalps to spell 'em !

Then weep me not when I am fled
On pinions like a common fairy ;
Besides, when all is done and said,
The thing is merely temporary ;

Inane it were to celebrate
My vacuous urn with rosy posies ;
Rather await an up-to-date
Example of metempsychosis.

THE DIRGE OF
THE AMATEUR MAENAD¹

(After the 'Indian Maid's Lament' in *Endymion*.)

BENEATH my parasol by Camus' side
I sat a-reading ; in the whole world wide
There was no one to tell me what to read ;
And I agreed
How passing sweet it was to be so slack
In the Long Vac.

And as I sat, from somewhere up by Caius
There came a sound of revel on the breeze,
As when the maddened Maenads all are out
With Bacchus and his rout :

¹ Being a reminiscence of the University Extension Summer Meeting held in Cambridge in the Long Vacation of 1893.

The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad

And scarce the axle-boxes of my knees
Had spun a furrow's length or thereabout,
When round the corner Mr. Berry¹ shot
Up with his little lot.

Like to a waving field of corn they came,
Matron and maid, and faces all aflame,
A sight to rudely scare, if any can,
A solemn honours-man ;
O then, O then, I say it to my shame,
My thoughts were very, very far from thee,
Thou "Academical Sobriety,"
And in a moment, lost to name and fame,
I, I, a two-year-old Girtonian,
Had joined the Summer Plan.

Berry, beside his ivied staff of men
I saw engirt with women, as a hen
With her appealing brood ;

¹ At that time Secretary of the Cambridge Extension.

Horace at Cambridge

There was a listening air in their regard
As if from drinking information hard,
More really than was good ;
And there I saw the Cambridge-Yankee
blend,
A trifle lifted up among their peers,
Boasting Typhoeus-like how they " extend "
Over two hemispheres.

" Whence come ye, lady trippers, whence
come ye,
So many and so many on the spree ?
Why have ye left the provinces forlorn
This blessed August morn ? "
" We follow Berry, Berry, on the fling
A-lecturing ;
Before, behind, about him still we plod,
Fair or foul weather, thorough Hall or Quad ;
Come hither, lady-undergrad, and greet
Our wild Extension Meet."

The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad

“Whence come ye, master trippers, whence
come ye,

So many and so many on the spree?

Forgetting Margate sands and Yarmouth
pier,

And all her bloaters sere?”

“For Culture, Culture, have we waived the
sea,

For Culture have exchanged the gay Marine
For King’s-parade ;

For Culture (Mr. Berry’s) have we come ;

Lord ! only hear its universal hum !

So hither, lady-undergrad, and greet

Our wild Extension Meet.”

Pencil in pouch and syllabus in hand,

Hugging selected Poets of the land,

Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, all but Thomas
Hood

And Byron (more’s the pity),

Horace at Cambridge

They caught the local colour where they
could ;

And members of the feminine committee
To native grace an added charm would
bring

Of light blue ribbons—not of abstinence—
But bearing just this sense—

“ Enquire within on any mortal thing ! ”

Deserting afternoon half-tasted teas
For some Staff Officer on Pericles,
Treading where Dons will hardly dare to
tread,

Sucking like any amorous Matine bee
Eclectic sweets of fair Philosophy,

We fluttered and we fed ;

Whatso the theme, it mattered not one bit,
Scott or Sordello, Pheidias or Pitt,
Whether “ Great Women ” or the “ Great Ice
Age,”

The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad

Parkyn on Darwin, Fenton upon drugs,
Or Kimmins upon fertilising bugs,
Chanced to adorn the stage.

Anon to church with high impartial zeal,
Or where (his turn to deal)
Harris, the Levantine, uplifts the cry—
“Latest edition from Mt. Sinai!”
From dawn of light unto the stretch of
shade,
Barring, when lunch is done,
Picnics to Ely, boats to Bottisham,
Or trips upon the circulating tram,
Or the accustomed Senate House parade
From half-past twelve to one.

Ah ! sacred Temple, what a sight I saw !
That shrine upon whose steps inviolate
No mortal shoots the nimble knuckle-taw,
Until he pass the pupillary state,—

Horace at Cambridge

Nor any such upon its floor may be
Save when he gets, or goes for, a degree—
Here now the vagrant gossip moves, and here
The tables of the money-changers stand ;
The syllabus is bought at second-hand ;
 The placard, terse and clear,
Proclaims alarums and excursions, so
That he who runs may read the thing and
 know
 Where he has got to go.

And in the latter half, about the throne,
Silent, select, but not so popular,
The seeming-earnest readers sit alone
(No smoking is allowed abaft the bar) ;
Nor have I mentioned yet the *Poste Restante* ;
Yea, nothing that the lettered mind can want,
Excepting liquors, if it must be said,
But here was given gratis—or else sold ;
Such sacrilege might well have waked the cold
 Non-placets of the dead.

The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad

I saw Oxonian Isis, in the shape
 Of Sadler,¹ bow the head ;
Acknowledging his own official tape
 Was not so fine a red ;
I saw Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P.,
 Veiling in modest mood
His professorial profundity
 To deal in platitude ;
Verrall I saw lay down his caustic pen
 And, mildly critical,
Deign to make popular remarks on men
 And things in general.

I saw the great McTaggart,² pale and proud,
Vainly declaim (before a hearty crowd)
Of such as cut their names on Learning's seat,
 And marred her chaste retreat ;

¹ At that time Secretary of the Oxford Extension.

² A motion was brought forward at the Union, disapproving of the intrusion of Extension Students within the precincts of the University.

Horace at Cambridge

I saw when in Satyric vein rose Wedd,
Champion of "literary Maenads" he,
And fairly launched the modern Orpheus'
head

Down Camus to the sea.

All this I tasted and some other things,
Like Gosse and Vernon Lee,
And ices underneath the elms of King's
Or Milton's mulberry-tree ;
And now I feel within the after-pain,
And here's October with the term again.

OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE

LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH ¹

AIR—*The Battle of the Baltic.*

OF the Battle of the Blues

Sing a really martial strain,

When in parti-coloured hues

Arméd ladies took the plain

(With a fig for Mrs. G. and her fads!)

All in caps and dainty shirts

And emancipated skirts,

And, as one report asserts,

Ankle-pads.

Maids from Lady Margaret Hall,

Graces too from Girton went,

Newnham's nymphs obeyed the call,

Somerville her sirens sent,

In the middle of a March afternoon.

¹ Wimbledon Club ground, March 14, 1894.

Horace at Cambridge

Hardy men were on the scene,
Though their fate might well have been
Like Actaeon's with the Queen
Of the moon.

Then the usual copper bit
Was with difficulty spun,
And they looked extremely fit
When the battle was begun,
As the whistle piped the start like a linnet ;
"On the ball !" the captain saith,
And the backs are grim as death,
And the lot are out of breath
In a minute.

Heart of oak, they meet and clash,
Passing here and tackling there,
And the sticks of sturdy ash
Fairly bristle in the air,
And the partisans remark, "Played, my
dear !"

Oxford v. Cambridge

Till a rather nasty knock
Caused a universal shock,
And the men that came to mock
Shed a tear.

Now the triumvirginate,
Who interpreted the rules,
Were inclined to arbitrate
In the manner of the schools,
And invited any plea or suggestion ;
Saying, " What are we to do ?
Ladies, we appeal to you ;
Will you kindly give your view
Of the question ? "

And at length an Oxford wing,
Fleeter than the young opossum,
Getting nicely in the ring
Nearly made her weapon blossom,
As she sent a purler pop through the posts ;

Horace at Cambridge

Then the temporary rout
Brought the smelling-bottles out,
And the Cantabs lay about,
Pale as ghosts.

But they rallied on the spot
With encouraging results,
And their forwards simply shot
Like a set of catapults,
Ending victors of the field, three to one !
Then, my masters, sigh not so,
Let the Sports and Boat Race go,
Since at least your Ladies' show
Took the bun !

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

"Wait till you come to forty year!"

I

AMONG the haunts of sage and saint,
Where I was wont to wear the gown
And honestly attempt to paint
The town,

I greet again the gracious Hall
That nurtured me when I began
To be what one is pleased to call
A man.

And now I move at "forty year"
More pensively than once of yore,
And quite a lot of things appear
A bore.

Horace at Cambridge

The jaunts and japes of long ago,
 That pleased me then, no longer please,
In part because I tend to grow
 Obese.

Nor can I altogether gloze
 The fact that when a man is stout
A stately port will pre-dispose
 To gout.

Which things affront the Freshman who
 Regards it as the cream of crimes
To be at all posterior to
 The times.

And when I pass him, flushed and keen,
 Light-hearted, sound of limb and lung,
I feel I never *could* have been
 So young.

Cambridge Re-visited

The spotless tie, the spangled vest,
 A chrysalis that bursts the shell!—
I had forgotten that he dressed
 So well !

But if my taste resembled his,
 But now assumes a sober tone,
The fault indubitably is
 My own.

For since Britannia ruled the sea,
 Through all the rounded seasons' range,
He changes never ; it is we
 That change.

Along the towing-path I strolled ;
 The situation seemed the same,
And every one was at the old,
 Old game.

Horace at Cambridge

I passed a little sporting knot
 That held in leash the mongrel cur ;
I saw that things were fairly what
 They were.

I stood to watch a waiting boat ;
 The coach was cursing No. 3 ;
The fellow had the face to quote
 From *me* !

Full hoary when I made them mine,
 These wrinkles, trusty, tried and true—
He ran them out as something fine
 And new !

He wore with all the old aplomb
 His rude extensions ; nay, I found
They ended even farther from
 The ground.*

Cambridge Re-visited

The captains roamed the river-side ;
I wondered, seeing how they sat,—
“Great Nimrod ! did we really ride
Like *that* ?”

A raucous beast assailed my eye ;
“I know that horse,” I said, “it comes
From—” well, I recognised it by
Its gums.

The same whose ribs were like to swords,
Who, when I tossed my men a tip,
Would turn his tufted tail towards
The ship !

Anon by Barnwell's oozy bed
I sniffed the old familiar stench ;
“*Toujours le même vieux jeu !*” I said
(In French).

Horace at Cambridge

All this was beautiful and right,
 Long since accepted, long approved ;
And yet I own it left me quite
 Unmoved.

Perhaps my case was pretty much
 His sorry case of whom they sing,
Tithonus, deadly out of touch
 With Spring.

For age is apt to loose the link
 Of chains that early manhood tied,
And cause a kind of mental kink
 Inside.

I could, if necessary, spin
 A column on this hallowed text ;
I hope to add a trifle in
 My next.

CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

II

THUS musing (see my last) I left the bank
That curbs the eager current of the
Cam ;
This myth of Alma Mater seemed a blank
And hollow sham.

I lit a large cigar ; I often do
Unconsciously when feeling desolate ;
Unconsciously I reached and sauntered
through
My College gate.¹

¹ No particular college is here suggested.

Horace at Cambridge

My course was theoretically barred
By that profound and venerable joke,
I mean the printed notice with regard
To dogs and smoke.

I entered ; as I trod the verdant plot
An Apparition came within my ken ;
My Tutor, I had always said, was not
As other men.

I felt the old effect of being foiled,
Of having no resource except to go ;
In fact, by force of habit I recoiled
A yard or so.

He wrought around me some forgotten spell ;
I doffed my weed and hat for fear of
him ;
The ash unfortunately broke and fell
Upon the brim.

Cambridge Re-visited

“ I find that you ”—he spoke and slightly bowed—

“ Are guilty of a complicated tort ;
No dogs ” (I hadn’t any) “ are allowed
Within the court,

“ Nor smoking. Vulgar passage we permit
Exclusively upon the paving-stones ;
All persons who—why, bless me, surely it
Is Mr. Jones ?

“ Nay, no apologies ! Our private right
We fence from public usufruct—that’s all !
You’re looking well ; you dine, I hope, to-night
With us in Hall ? ”

I clinched the proposition hard. Indeed
It seemed a boon beyond the common
share
To sit above the salt and calmly feed
On Fellows’ fare.

Horace at Cambridge

I found them, frankly, quite a decent set ;
 They touched upon the scandals of the
 town,
And even now and then exchanged a bet
 Of half-a-crown.

Below me, from my elevated seat,
 Maintaining there a perfect equipoise,
I watched the rising generation eat
 And make a noise.

On yonder lowly bench I once had sat,
 Had laved in tepid soup my beardless
 lips,
And furiously fulminated at
 The jaded gyps.

I thought of him—long gathered to the past—
 Whose voice would break upon my
 tympanum,

Cambridge Re-visited

“More beef, Sir”—with a strong and steady
blast
Of fog and rum.

All this was over. At my dexter hand
The stately College butler deigned to
pour
Dry academic sherry, vintage brand
Of '64.

We mounted to the Combination Room :
It seemed to me a very nice resort ;
And there we lingered late to cull the bloom
Of peerless port.

And in the glow that follows goodly cheer
I learned that if you meet the proper
lot
You find the 'Varsity at “forty year”
A pleasant spot.

Horace at Cambridge

And so I tossed to-morrow to the wind,
Along with gout and “*hydrops, gryps, and*
pons”;
And said—“Fate cannot touch me, I have
dined
To-day with Dons!”

THE END

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